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THE LIVING WAGE.

The press agents for the railway presidents have sent broadcast their answer to the strikers' basis of a "living wage." It is sent out as showing the absurdity of the figure which the railway workers wanted.

Under the estimate of the workers' say the president, the living wage demanded by them, if applied to all families, would require something like twenty-five billions of dollars in excess of all the incomes earned or obtained in the United States.

Of course, this is a biased and prejudiced statement of the demands made by the workers, but even were it true, it misses the big point in the controversy.

What is really important is to know that the figure which is demanded did not express in terms of necessities and luxuries more than was earned by the railway workers.

The search for a living wage and any effort by law to adjust salaries upon such a term must recognize the big fact that before a living may be had, it must be earned and that the living wage of the worker is exactly what he produces.

It does not matter how many dollars are given for a certain amount of work, but what those dollars will buy after they are earned is important.

The real consideration is not whether the wage is too high or too low, but whether the return given for it to society is worth what is given in food, in clothing, in housing or in movie tickets.

The American people will hardly believe the demands of any intelligent body of workers is a figure which would automatically starve at least a fourth of all other workers.

The cost of living and the rate of wage have a very definite relation to each other, so that what may seem like an exorbitant figure today might be a breadline average tomorrow.

If the railway presidents, in attacking the estimates of the railway shopmen, had given the details of the demands, not in dollars, but in material things which support life, the public would be in a much better position to judge whether they are outrageous or necessary.

The demand of the world today is for more products of labor, not less labor, and industry must change its view from the mere giving of a "living wage" to that which enables every worker to get increased rewards by increased production.

The world will never get back to its old state of health by idleness.

The problem of wages will never be settled with rifles or with court injunctions.

Merely scoffing at the demands of workers, attempting to put them in an absurd light, might well be supplanted by an honest effort to reach a basis of understanding that would stimulate better efforts instead of hatreds and bitter quarrels.

TWO FAMILIES.

If you want a contrasting picture of life and what it means, compare, for a moment, the Haas family of Illinois with that of the Yoder of Pennsylvania, for in that comparison may be found the real explanation for many things.

The Haas family is regulated by court through an injunction behind which is all the dignity and the power of courts. Any lapse is punishable with jail.

There was discord in the Haas family. The wife said that her husband's eye was easily attracted by other women and that this optical instability caused him to forget her.

The court, therefore, issued an injunction, which forbade the husband visiting, seeing, talking to or riding with any woman in the world except his wife.

You can imagine the atmosphere in this home, where the husband, coming home at night, is greeted by a wife whose only sense of security is an order of court.

You can imagine something of the humiliation of the wife, who has been driven to the extreme measure of calling upon a judge to restrain any wandering impulse of her husband, and whose constant thought must be that her safety in material rights is protected by the signature of a court.

Turn from this unpleasant picture to that of Mrs. Yoder in her home in a Pennsylvania village. She has just turned forty years of age, but looks younger. She has brought twenty children into the world of whom 15 are still living.

The little farm of seven acres is hardly sufficient to support this growing army of off-spring, so the husband does other work in the city and the wife acts as the manager of this little farm and the director of her children's energies.

Every other day she bakes 50 loaves of bread as the regular ration of the family.

When it comes to the matter of dress, some of the other girls are assigned to taking stitches.

"All the children who are old enough must do their part, and we have no trouble," declared Mrs. Yoder. "We produce much of what we eat right here on the farm, and life with a big family is not such a burden as some people imagine."

No court injunctions in the Yoder family, no hovering threat of unhappiness, of discord, of wrangling or of waywardness.

Which family would you say was on the firmest basis—the one in Chicago, which is regulated by injunction, or the one in Pennsylvania, where the prattling laughter of a baby is probably the law of the household.

REPUDIATING A DEBT.

Forecasts made by political writers at Washington indicate that the government will repudiate for the present its biggest debt.

Of course, there is no suggestion that there will be any cessation of payments on interest on its bonds or in the redemption of its savings stamps.

The debt that it will repudiate is that which it owed to the men of this country that it took from their vocations, put into uniforms and forced to work at the livelihood of soldiering at \$30 a month.

The opponents of the bonus have won their fight, say the news dispatches, who arrive at the result by counting the noses of those senators who favor

the measure and those who do not. They discover that there are not enough to pass the measure over the presidential veto and that the president will veto the bill if passed.

The service men might have expected this when the secretary of the treasury, reflecting the views of wealth, himself the second richest man of the nation, declared against it.

They might have known that this influence would finally prevail if they had watched the signs at the seat of government and seen his views prevail on every question that had to do with big business.

He said the country is too poor to pay this debt. Others declare it is an insult to offer money to the men who fought the war, an affront to their patriotism and a reflection upon their spirit of bravery.

They are now singing a sadly different tune to that which they set to martial music back in 1917 when these men marched away with promises that nothing would ever be refused those who saved the honor of the nation and democracy for the world.

There was no suggestion that it was an insult or an affront to legally snatch one man from his job and pay him \$30 a month while the man who remained at home was paid twice and three times the wage he had received before.

The measure which is before congress simply endeavors in a small way, to equalize the financial sacrifices made by these men with the financial benefits received by the rest of the population during their absence.

It is a claim that is based upon justice. It is not a bribe, a bonus, nor a charity.

The other debt earned by these men cannot be paid in cash. That must be paid in keeping America all that America should be in fidelity to its ideals of liberty, equality and freedom.

But the other debt, the cash debt, can and must be paid. Neither the opposition of senators who are frightened by the boys raised by the rich secretary of the treasury, the veto of the president who demands a specific and sensible way to raise the fund, nor the propaganda of those who fear they will lose some of their swollen fortunes in higher taxes, must defeat this measure.

This country has never repudiated a legal debt. It cannot afford to begin by repudiating its moral obligations.

YOUR DAILY GRIND.

The older you get, the more you realize the extreme slowness with which we humans accomplish anything of importance. Life is a process of grinding an axe for two hours to do 10 minutes of actual wood chopping.

Mother is the champion slave of the limits of time. She works nearly a whole day, preparing a Sunday dinner that disappears down the throat in a few minutes. It takes an hour to scrub Robbie and get him ready for exhibition. He seeks the nearest mud-puddle and undoes the job quicker than it takes to tell it.

"The daily grind" is tedious preparation for climaxes that are brief. In civilization we have to toil all day, in order to have a few hours of leisure. Two weeks' vacation, \$50 of work.

Voltaire knew what he was talking about when he wrote: "Time is of all things the longest and shortest, the quickest and the slowest."

The great period of time necessary to accomplish anything was illustrated in England long ago, when coffee was introduced to that country as a beverage.

The first coffee sold in England was put on the market in 1652 by Pasqua Rosee, merchant, in St. Michael's Alley, Cornhill.

For 20 years a campaign of great violence was conducted against coffee. English public affairs lunatics were so convinced that coffee ruined the health and corrupted manners, morals and politics, that at times the authorities had to drift with the current and suppress its sale.

In "The Woman's Petition Against Coffee," circulated in 1674, the belief was set forth that coffee drinkers would breed a race of "apes and pygmies."

English coffee merchants had to plug for 30 years to create their market. How many modern American business men would have that much patience?

Growing the crop takes a long time. The harvest is short. That is the way with nearly every human life.

Fate is a jester. Usually there isn't any harvest to speak of. Decidedly this is so in the case of the man, who, desiring to enjoy great wealth, wears himself out in accumulating it and wakes up at the grave's edge to find that he has the gold, but is too old to enjoy it.

We are forever planning what we are going to do tomorrow or next Christmas or a year from now. Many of us live too much in a future that never comes. The future is mostly an illusion.

TOWNSEND'S PLIGHT.

Pity the plight of Senator Townsend in Michigan, who is struggling so hard to straighten out the ideas of the people of his state.

It must be exasperating for a senator, who is loaded to the neck with perfectly good speeches about disarmament, the perjury of democratic senators in blocking the tariff, the excuse that politics prevents action on the bonus, to discover that the people want him to talk about Newberry, and that they still desire to know about the tainted election.

His defense is that he voted to permit Newberry to keep his seat because the federal courts had failed to convict his colleague of corruption and that while he disapproved in principle of spending so much money for a toga, there was nothing illegal about it.

Even the people of Michigan fail to understand that mind or mode of thinking which condemns and still honors and they are still perplexed after the labored explanation of Townsend.

There is a steadily growing sentiment across the state line that the finest way to redeem the reputation of that state, now under suspicion of having sold its senatorship or been at least dazzled by dollars into giving it away, would be to keep at home the defender of Newberry.

The honor of the senate, its dignity, its cleanliness will be an issue in every state whose senators voted for the Michigan corruption as long as those senators are aspirants for office. The integrity of the ballot is one issue which does not change nor die.

The man who wakes up and finds himself famous hasn't been asleep.

Talk is cheap. At least most of it sounds cheap.

Other Editors Than Ours

(Toldeo News-Bee.)

Clever European lecturers visit us, with the attitude of children inspecting a zoo. They return home, asked what they think of prohibition in America, they crack the old stale vaudeville jokes, such as, "When do they begin enforcing it?"

Dr. Robert Herod, a wise Swiss who imagines nothing but facts, has been looking us over. He returns home and tells the reporters of his country that he saw only two drunken persons during his two months' tour of our country.

When you imagine that prohibition is a failure, look about you; then summon up in memory the drunkards of old saloon days.

The Tower of Babel

Bill Armstrong

FORGETFUL SAM.

(From Hinkle's Bulletin.)

Forgetful Sam had a memory That seemed much like a sieve, He'd forget his name and forget his work.

And even where he'd live. He forgot his marriage license, And then forgot his wife.

When he sat down to eat a meal He forgot to use his knife. He bought a bright new auto—

It was a Ford machine. But Sam forgot to give it oil.

And also gasoline. One day he took a country ride, And thought he heard a hissing.

When he got out to find the cause, He found the engine misfiring. But careless Sam was lucky.

His car was his salvation. He drove it on to the next town. Upon it's reputation.

President Harding said the other day he welcomes the day when he can go back to Marion to stay. So will Joe Grand Leader, remarked Chub Birdall, from out of the depths of one of the deepest chairs in the Oliver lobby.

"Hair's getting a little bit thin on top, sir," said Jake Heckaman.

"Yes," was John McGill's reply, "that's the result of too much Anno Domini, you know."

"No doubt," remarked Jake. "Never did think much of those new-fashioned hair restorers. Try a bottle of our own make, sir."

Thank God says he met a man yesterday that is so dumb he thinks the Sherman act was Sherman's march to the sea.

AN EXAMPLE OF JOURNALISM, AS PRACTICED IN THE BIG TOWNS.

(From the Daily Mean.)

"Your South Bend girls and women are not as careful as they might be in regard to the cleanliness of their elbows when wearing short sleeved dresses," observed a traveling man who was whiling away a bit of time this morning at the intersection of Michigan and Washington av., in waiting for an Interurban car.

The Tribune reporter to whom the remark was addressed, took issue with the stranger, in defence of South Bend's women, but agreed to watch the corner for a few minutes to see whether he was right or not, and this is what he observed: Of the 25 women who

passed, wearing short sleeves, there were 15 whose elbows were above the suspicion of being soiled to varying degrees.

The traveling salesman is becoming almost as useful on the Moon's staff as Tank Hup is on ours.

Old Bill Lamport and Jake Chillas threatened us yesterday a. m., much to our surprise—with a fish story.

Today is the big day on the golf links at the Country club. Billy Henderson will probably be the only banker in town after 10 o'clock this morning.

ORDERS IS ORDERS.

When Lord Northcliffe was in New York he told a great many stories to prove that prohibition could never be, for the reason that man is too fond of drink.

"A miner," he said one day, "met with a serious accident. The mine doctor came and set his leg, sewed up his face, and sent him home, unconscious, on a stretcher."

"The doctor called at the house and saw the patient an hour later. He was still unconscious."

"Poor fellow!" said the doctor. "Get a shilling's worth of brandy and give it to him when he comes to."

"After the doctor was gone the miner's wife said to her little girl: 'Run to the Pig and Whistle and get six-penny-worth of brandy for your dad.'"

"Then from the unconscious figure in the bed came the words: 'A shillin's worth, the doctor said.'"

For the benefit of the poor over-worked newspapers, we think at least the principals in the various controversies of the McCormick families and the Plo Ziegfeld and Billie Burke folks ought to arrange to have their big stuff break on alternating days. We would prefer to have the McCormick stuff break on Sundays, if the choice is left to us, as the McCormick dope don't make us quite as sick as the other. Anyhow we don't mind being sick on Sunday anyway.

We read in your favorite newspaper where Harold Vance is on his honeymoon. Harold, as an old timer in the matrimonial game, we can say to you frankly that the honeymoon won't be over until you get home late some night for dinner and the beans are burning.

YOUR HEALTH — By Dr. R. S. Copeland

Some city folks are always making jokes about the country. Of course they do not intend to be disagreeable, but they get a bit of fun out of the classical "Hayseed" and his experiences in the city.

But did you ever see a city person in the country?

Last Sunday I spent the day, as I always prefer to do, out on the farm. With some friends from the city, I took a stroll through the woods and across the fields. Calling attention to the dark green, glossy leaves of a beautiful vine which covered a stone wall, I asked if any city visitor recognized it. Not one did. I pointed out the peculiar arrangement of the leaves, three in a group, with the stem of the middle leaf much longer than the stem of the other two.

"You need never mistake that plant, because its leaf-setting differs from all others," I said. "It is poison ivy."

One of the girls in the party was horrified.

"Why?" she said. "I have been chewing such a leaflet for the last half hour."

No countryman ever made a worse mistake on Fifth av.

This is the time of year when susceptible persons are poisoned by ivy. If you are very warm and perspiring, the conditions are just right for the poison to do its work.

Many of us are immune to the effects of poison ivy. I think I am, because all my life I have lived in the midst of it and never suffered any

symptom. I have seen men on the farm pull it off the walls and trees as if it were grass and never notice any ill-effects. But there are plenty of others who seem not to require contact with the plant to be seriously poisoned. Some emanation appears to permeate the atmosphere and to produce its evil effects.

If you think you have touched poison ivy, wash your hands with a good lather of soap and water. Any kind of soap will do, but common laundry soap is particularly useful. A strong solution of baking soda may be employed instead. Very likely this will neutralize the poison.

If it does not, you will notice itching, burning, swelling and redness of the affected parts. Very soon blisters form on the inflamed skin. At times, the constitutional effects are pronounced and there may be fever and illness.

For the itching, hypochlorite of soda is good. Dissolve a tablespoonful in a pint of water. Use the solution to bathe the painful parts.

One of the most useful remedies is grindelia robusta. This may be purchased at the drug store and should be kept on hand if the ivy is prolific. Dilute the fluid extract of grindelia with five or six parts of water. Apply this locally, using squares of gauze or linen.

There are lots of home remedies—crude oil, vaseline, buttermilk, cream—anything that keeps out the air will promote comfort. Learn to recognize poison ivy and then you can avoid it.

Just Folks By Edgar A. Guest

HIGH CHAIR DAYS.

High chair days are the best of all, Or so they seem to me.

Days when tumbler and platter fail And the King smiles merrily;

When the regal arms and the regal feet

A constant patter of music beat, And the grown-ups bow in a gracious way.

To the high-chair monarch who rules the day.

High-chair days, and the throne not dressed In golden or purple hue,

But an old style thing, let it be confessed.

His grandmother used to use; Its legs are scarred and a trifle bowed,

But the king who sits on the chair is proud.

And he throws his rattle and silver cup For the joy of making us pick them up.

The old high chair in the dining room Is a handsomer thing by far Than the costly chairs in the lonely gloom

Of the childless mansions are.

For the sweetest laughter the world has known Comes day by day from that humble throne, And a high chair placed at the mother's right.

The old high chair is a joy sublime, Yet it brings us its hour of pain, For we've put it away from time to time, Perhaps never to need it again, Yet God was good, and the angels tapped, And again was the old high-chair unwrapped, And proud was I when I heard the call To bring it back to the dining hall.

There are griefs to meet and cares to face Through the years that lie ahead, The proudest monarch must love his place And lie with the splendid dead; I know there are blows I shall have to meet,

I must pay with the bitter for all life's sweet, But I live in dread of that coming day When forever the high chair goes away.

(Copyright, 1922, Edgar A. Guest.)

And say, "There's young Elijah Sly, Who beats the bucket shop."

But Herman Green and Robert Nash And Jeremiah Small,

Who lost their savings in the crash, You never see at all.

The winner always serves for bait Among his new-found friends, Who enviously contemplate The money that he spends.

About his luck they all enthuse, And every mother's son Will soon be rushing down to lose Ten times what he has won.

The loser goes to work for jail, He isn't in the news, For no one wants to read a tale About the chaps that lose.

Each day new men to victimize Are always to be found, Believing they are lucky guys, And so the world goes round.

THE CONTINUOUS PERFORMANCE.

You sometimes read of William Brown,

A simple rustic soul, Who in a bucket shop downtown Cleaned up a tidy roll.

But Jacob Jones and Henry Ladd And Alexander Stout, Who dropped their everything they had,

You seldom hear about, You see a limousine flash by The corner, on the hop,

GEORGE WYMAN & CO.

—COME AND SEE US—

Closed Saturdays at 6 P. M.



have come and we must hurry to make the most of them before they are gone again. For your fun on the beach or in the water a wool bathing suit is the most comfortable and practical. The many different color combinations they come in allow you a great deal of choice for your outfit. They are priced from \$2.50 to \$10.00.



Bathing Caps 35c to \$1.00

They sacrifice none of their good looks for their ducking in the waves because they are made of rubber, snugly fitting and in becoming shapes—while gay flowers or various designs give them vivacity and charm.

And Now—

you'll want something to carry your suit and things in. A Boston bag is just the thing. It's just the right size to tuck away the suit and accessories, and it's easily carried and smart in appearance. \$1.65 to \$8.00.



Bathing Shoes \$1.25 to \$2.95

They may be at the foot of the bathing mode, but really play an important part in the perfect bathing outfit. They come in colors to match one's color scheme, and in lengths from the low to the high, laced affairs.

And—

you can get a rubber bag to put the wet suit into first before dropping it into your bag, 39c to 75c.

A Belt

for your bathing suit adds a bit of distinction, 50c.

A growing Rug and Drapery department for a growing city

George Wyman & Co.



POLAR ARTIFICIAL

POLAR ARTIFICIAL

THE big public utility companies serve you through wire and pipes, and you pay a fixed minimum charge for this service. This minimum charge is necessary and reasonable and meets with no protest.

We send a man with a wagon or truck to your door daily—a most expensive method—yet this service costs you nothing unless you need ice. If you do not buy ice for a week or a month our service continues without interruption and without any cost to you.

We serve you continually and you pay only for what you use, and from us you get the best ice obtainable, made from deep-well, artesian water.

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